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CLUB-LIFE.

THE least observant stranger, whose track lies in the western portion of London, cannot choose but stop to admire the cluster of mansions which have been reared in and near Pall-Mall. Whatever his taste, he must indeed be fastidious if he do not find it gratified in one or other of these edifices; for they exhibit every order of architecture, from the severest Doric to the most florid Composite. Until informed what they really are, he would be pardoned for mistaking one for a restored Grecian temple, another for a modern Italian palace. Inquiry, however, would convince him that nothing classical belongs to them, except their exteriors, and, in one or two instances, their names. On the contrary, they are devoted to the unclassical and everyday purposes of eating, drinking, lounging, and reading newspapers. They are simply domestic club-houses; numbering twenty-two. Nor are these economical and convenient institutions monopolised by the metropolis; for there is now a club-house in every principal town in the three kingdoms. In Manchester there are two, in Dublin four, in Edinburgh three.

Clubs may be generally described as houses combining the characters of restaurants and reading-rooms, for the use of a select number of associated persons, who agree to make an annual payment for their support, whether they resort to them little or much, and pay besides for whatever refreshment they may require, at a cost free of profit. Originating within the present century, and concentrating a large proportion of the men of fortune, station, and political note in the metropolis, clubs may be divided into three classes: first, those consisting of members following similar pursuits, such as the United Service and the literary clubs; secondly, those whose members hold a particular set of political opinions; thirdly, those claiming no speciality, and known as miscellaneous clubs. These establishments have had a striking effect upon the manners, not only, we would say, of the departments of society from which their members are drawn, but upon society in general; and the change has been decidedly for the better. In the first place, they have brought economy into fashion. In the old time, associations were formed for the purpose of spending money, in a manner which did but little good either to the receiver or disburser. Drinking clubs, for wasting money and health; four-in-hand clubs, which cost each member some five or six hundred a-year to adopt the habits and manners of a stage-coachman, together with similarly senseless associations, had the effect of encouraging reckless extravagance, accompanied with certain collateral irregularities, which caused the picture of English society, as presented towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century, to be the reverse of a bright one.

The main object of modern clubs is directly the reverse. They were set on foot for the purpose of supplying to their members the necessities of life at the lowest possible rate. They are, it is admitted, furnished and conducted on a scale which may be called luxurious; but, be it remembered, we are all creatures of habit, and luxuries are necessities to those who have been used to them. Considering, therefore, the high amount of convenience and comfort they afford, clubs are extremely economical. An excellent dinner at a modern club costs no more than a very bad one at an old tavern. Thus clubs have tended to establish wholesome economy amongst the rich as a principle and a duty, whilst formerly it was considered an evidence of contracted notions and meanness for a man of a few thousands a-year to practise it. It is recorded of one of the highest and richest officers of state, that fifteenpence instead of a shilling having been charged at his club for an item in his dinner bill, he bestirred himself till the odd threepence was struck off. Now, as this individual's income ranges somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand a-year, the actual saving must have been the last thing in his thoughts. His motive was obvious: he took the trouble of objecting, to promote the principles of economy. A poor member would not perhaps have dared to object; although threepence overcharged for each of his dinners would have been an inconvenient diminution of his income at the end of the year. The duke in all likelihood felt this, and for the sake of his poorer brethren, put a stop to the abuse.

Clubs, again, have helped to abolish the once fashionable vice of drunkenness. Formerly, one drunkard made many, because, for the sake of conviviality, all were compelled to drink alike. Now, the individual is independent of his neighbours in this respect, and so thoroughly has the scale been thus turned in favour of sobriety, that no intemperate man is allowed to remain a member of a club. A careful examination of the statistics of several of these establishments brings out the fact, that the average quantity of wine drunk by each member has not exceeded of late years half a pint per diem. The moral bearing of the upper classes has been vastly amended by this improvement, not to mention health. It is said of one of the old school—an early member of the 'Union'—that he regarded with envy the daily half-pint, and no more, which was served to a certain witty and temperate author. One day he took up the small decanter and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah! I wish I could make up my mind to stick to your infallible life-preservers.'

Against the advantages of clubs, certain disadvantages have been urged; the gravest of which is the notion that they tend to withdraw men from female society—the best of social influences. This objection is disposed of by the fact, that the modern establishments present

no inducements for social pleasures. As an instance of this, we learn that, in the month of June 1843, the number of dinners served at the Athenæum was 1457, of which all but thirty-six were single. Of the latter, thirty were served to two persons, five to three, and one to four. Again, in all modern clubs, the only convenient place for sociality is the drawing-room. Now, precisely because ladies—the crowning charm of the drawing-room—are absent, this apartment is always the most deserted in the house; for the majority of the members, if not officially employed, are where they ought to be—with their families. A graphic writer gives the following as a true picture of the evening aspect of the drawing-room of a certain club:—“One elderly gentleman, with a shining cocoa-nut head, asleep at the fireplace at one end of the room, matches with another elderly gentleman, with a cocoa-nut head, slumbering at the fireplace at the other end of the room.” In further proof of the non-attendance of members at the time when ladies’ society is most accessible, we happen to know that, at a committee meeting of the largest house in Pall-Mall, a whilst player complained that he could not get a ‘healthy rubber’ in the whole house. In commiseration for his sufferings, the committee ceded to him one end of the drawing-room; that being the most deserted, and consequently the quietest corner in the building.

It may be supposed, on the other hand, that all sociality is suppressed by the club system. But this is not wholly the case; for although it enables a man to dine alone if he choose, and have his thoughts as much his own as if he were shut up in his own study, yet if he wish company, there it is for him. The first rule, however, does not hold good with a man who happens to be popular and agreeable. He is apt to be ‘bored’ with companions when he may not want them. The late Theodore Hook was a martyr in this way; for it is well known that many members dined at the Athenæum when they otherwise would have stayed away, for the chance of enjoying some of his pleasantries. It is stated by a Quarterly Reviewer, that, since the renowned humorist disappeared from his favourite table near the door (nicknamed ‘Temperance Corner’), the number of dinners has fallen off by upwards of 300 per annum.

The most visible of all influences which clubs have exercised, is that which they have wrought on the aristocracy in their intercourse with those of a lower grade. Constant association with individuals of humbler rank has thawed that exclusiveness, and broken down the not very estimable pride, in which the higher classes of the old school shrouded themselves. Groups are now constantly seen which are composed of elements that were formerly as impenetrable as oil and water. A high-church dignitary, a humble curate, an author, and a peer, may be seen partaking of the same meal. In Lady Hester Stanhope’s younger days,* the very idea of such an incongruous party would have been regarded as the commencement of a disastrous revolution in society!

Having pretty nearly characterised the changes in high life which clubs have produced, an account of their rise may not be uninteresting. For the origin of these establishments the public are indebted to the military. The officers of the army, whether in camp or in quarters, have always experienced the advantage and economy of clubbing for their provisions. They have found that the pay of each individual, spent separately, would scarcely procure him ordinary necessities; whilst, by adding it to a general fund—to be judiciously disbursed by a clever

provider or ‘caterer’—he obtains for his subscription not only requisites, but luxuries. This goes on very successfully during active service; but when retirement on half-pay takes place, the plan was, till lately, impracticable. At the peace of 1815, a reduction of the army withdrew a number of officers from the ‘messes’ to which they had belonged. Thus a great many gentlemen of comparatively limited means were thrown into private life, a prey to the by no means moderate exactions of hotel, tavern, and boarding and lodging-house keepers. In many instances long and continued absence from home had severed these brave men from domestic ties; yet having always lived amongst a congenial brotherhood, society was essential to their happiness. The chief refuge for such comparatively desolate warriors in London was at that period ‘Slaughter’s Coffee-house,’ St Martin’s Lane; a very excellent abode when full pay and prize-money were rife, but far too expensive for ‘half-pay.’ In these circumstances the mess-system was naturally thought of; and the late General Lord Lynedoch, with five brother-officers, met for the purpose of devising a plan by which it could be applied to non-professional life. So effectual were their deliberations, and so well-grounded their preliminary measures, that a club was formed during the same year (1815). The military founders, knowing that many of their naval brethren were, like themselves, placed upon reduced allowances, afterwards brought them within the scope of their design; and an association was enrolled, entitled the ‘United Service Club.’ A building fund was formed; a neat edifice—the design of Sir Robert Smirke—was raised at the corner of Charles Street, St James’s, and in the year 1819 it was opened for the reception of the members. A society of sailor officers also established a snug home of their own in Bond Street, called the ‘Naval,’ which now consists of about 350 members.

Meanwhile candidates for admission to the United Service Club increased so rapidly, that a larger habitation was rendered necessary. A new and magnificent edifice, from plans and designs by Mr Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, was erected at the east corner of the grand entrance to St James’s Park from Pall-Mall, and taken possession of in 1828. At present there are about 1490 members.

By the second rule of this club, no officer is eligible below the rank of major in the army, and commander in the navy; but to provide for officers below those grades, a new association was formed, for the reception of all ranks, from general and admiral, down to subalterns, either in the Queen’s or in the East India Company’s service. Having purchased the house in Charles Street vacated by the senior club, the new one was opened in 1827, under the title of the ‘Junior United Service Club.’ It is now the most numerous in London, being composed of 1500 ‘effective’ members, with 400 ‘super-numeraries,’ who, being abroad, are not called on to pay their subscriptions.

Besides these three establishments, the officers belonging to her majesty’s household troops had an exclusive club of their own, commenced so far back as 1809, though not for domestic purposes. But latterly they imitated the other clubs, and built a tall, thin, but withal pretty edifice, squeezed in, as it were, between Crockford’s gaming-house and their own bootmaker’s shop—that of the well-known Hoby—at the head of St James’s Street, and nearly opposite to White’s celebrated bow window. This, called the ‘Guards,’ made the fourth club composed of military men; but candidates for admission to all of these had, by 1837, so far exceeded the limits set to each, that a fifth, called the ‘Army and Navy Club,’ was instituted in St James’s Square, to which about a thousand members already belong. We may now fairly conclude that the officers in the British service are at last adequately provided with cheap accommodation during their residence in London: and not only there, but in provincial quarters also; for United Service Clubs exist in all the important garrison towns of Great Britain.

* See our extracts from her book at page 121 of present volume.

The original United Service Club had been scarcely founded, when news of the comfort and economy it afforded was spread throughout all classes amongst whom similar associations were practicable. As may be expected, those most gregarious in their pursuits and habits first copied the plan. Many members of the universities, who, when at college, daily met to dine 'in hall,' or, for instruction, in lecture-rooms, found themselves inconveniently alone when in London. They therefore instituted and built a club called the 'United University'—a very grave and reverend-looking edifice, which occupies the corner of Suffolk Street and Pall-Mall east. This association consisted, in 1841 (to which year most of our returns refer), of 1116 members.—Another club for the same class of men was afterwards called into existence in Pall-Mall, and named the 'Oxford and Cambridge,' whose average number of members is 1177.

Next to the army and the church, it is usual to take the law into consideration. Gentlemen of this profession having formed, in Chancery Lane, an institution for purely professional purposes, attached to it a domestic club, which, in 1841, numbered about 350. The higher branches of the profession appear to require no especial establishment of the kind. Consisting mostly of members of the universities, or of literary men, they belong to the United University, to the Oxford and Cambridge, or to the Athenæum. Of the last, a large proportion of the judges are members. To complete our review of the club-life of the learned professions, we must make a single allusion to the medical faculty. Their lives are too incessantly passed in alleviating the miseries of society, to partake very largely in its comforts and pleasures. Hence, of medical domestic clubs, 'there are'—to borrow a terse chapter on 'the antidotes to corrosive sublimite' from an ancient toxicological work—'none!' The names of a few physicians may, however, be found amongst the lists of the miscellaneous and literary clubs, but they are almost honorary members. Of all the professional clubs, none received so much support, or has risen to so much distinction, as that established for literary scientific men and artists—the 'Athenæum,' whose gorgeous mansion stands at the west corner of the Pall-Mall entrance to St James's Park, and forms a fine contrast to the more severely tasteful 'United Service' on the opposite side. The history of this institution is more than usually interesting, from including the names of the brightest ornaments of each department of the arts. We learn that on the 12th of March 1823, Mr Croker, then secretary to the Admiralty, addressed a letter to Sir Humphrey Davy, in which he represented that 'the fashionable and military clubs had not only absorbed a great portion of society,* but have spoiled all the coffee-rooms and taverns,' and urged the formation of a club for the classes referred to. In the year following, a committee was formed, consisting of Sir H. Davy, president of the Royal Society, the Earl of Aberdeen, president of the Society of Antiquaries, Sir Thomas Lawrence, president of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, John Wilson Croker, and other noblemen and gentlemen connected with literature and art, to the number of twenty-nine. At first they were housed in temporary apartments in Waterloo Place, but in 1830, the new mansion was finished from the designs of Mr Decimus Burton, at a cost of £45,000, including furniture. The nominal limit of members is 1200, but certain honorary elections of eminent persons swell the actual roll to 1250 names. In such high estimation is this club held, that belonging to it is deemed a guarantee for the greatest respectability.

The lesser stars of the literary firmament formed

themselves, like the 'Junior United Service,' into a minor club, and took possession of the house vacated by the Athenæum. This was for some years called the 'Literary Union,' but having gradually admitted individuals unconnected with letters, it changed its title to the 'Clarence.' Since then it gradually languished, and died in 1843.—Gentlemen connected with the theatrical profession, either as authors, performers, or scene-painters, enjoy each other's society at the 'Garrick,' which is conveniently situated near the best theatres in Covent Garden. They form the smallest body of London clubbists, only amounting to 197.—Our list of professional clubs is completed by the mention of those set aside for the mercantile community near the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. One, called the 'City,' stands in Old Broad Street, and is made up of 600 members; and the other, known as the 'Gresham,' is scarcely yet settled in its new house in King William Street. Another commercial club is now in progress of formation, with the high-sounding title of the 'St George.' It is to be composed of gentlemen interested in railways.

Thus the most numerous London clubs are those made up of individuals attracted to social and domestic companionship by pursuing similar professional careers. In a few others, the basis is community of politics. The 'Carlton Club' consists of members of parliament and others professing Tory principles, to the number of 1200. The 'Conservative Club' sufficiently indicates, by its name, the party to which its members (of whom there are upwards of 1000) belong; as does the 'Reform Club,' to which 1421 reformers are attached. It must, however, be understood that these associations do not exist for political purposes—do not profess, as bodies, to take any share in public events whatever. It is the mere congeniality of political sentiment which attracts the members, to share the same accommodations for the ordinary requirements of existence. They must not, therefore, be confounded with what are called the 'St James's Street Clubs,' such as White's and Brookes's, which are of a more decidedly political character, and are conducted on a different principle. As in the days of Dryden and his companions—when the original White and Brookes flourished—they remain the property of tavern-keepers, who are licensed by the magistrates in the same manner as the proprietors of public hotels and taverns. But they only admit their subscribers. These select a committee to manage the internal affairs of the house; such as deciding who shall be admitted, and fixing the charges for refreshments to be made by the proprietors. As before explained, they are of much older date than domestic clubs. Recently, they have lost much of their political character, and are now considered principally as lounges for people of little occupation.

To be eligible for admission to the 'Travellers' Club,' a gentleman must either be a foreigner, or have travelled at least five hundred miles in a straight line from London. It numbers 700 members, amongst whom are several authors; for in these days there are few persons who, having 'done' their five hundred miles or more, refrain from favouring the world with their journals, or notes of travel, in the form of one or more octavo volumes.—There is another and much larger class of travellers to whom the convenience of a club is a great boon; namely, such gentlemen as are connected, either in a civil or military capacity, with our vast Indian possessions. Those on the retired or on the sick list, who either reside permanently, or are visiting London for a year or two, are provided for by the 'Oriental.' Their elegant establishment stands on the sunny side of Hanover Square, and, in 1841, accommodated 523 members.

It must be obvious that numerous individuals—besides those who have been able to class themselves into separate bodies from the similar nature of their pursuits—remain ineligible for admission to any of the establishments we have enumerated. They therefore find

* Besides the United Service, the Alfred, the United University, the Union, and the Travellers' clubs, had been established. The Athenæum was the sixth club which was formed in London.

refuge in what go by the designation of Miscellaneous Clubs. Many of these started as class clubs; but—by the gradual admission of very agreeable companions unconnected with the profession or class of which the society was composed, or from an inability to keep their funds by a too rigid selection of candidates—they have become generalised. The 'Alfred' (23 Albemarle Street) was originally a whist club; but, like the Guards, adopted the domestic system, added a coffee-room, and became miscellaneous. The 'Windham'—which borrowed the name of William Windham, an eminent senator, who was secretary-at-war till 1801—started as a political, but is now a miscellaneous club of 613 members. The 'Parthenon' (732 strong), and the 'Eretheum' (250), are both miscellaneous. Into the latter opulent tradesmen are admitted. But of all the non-professional clubs, none stands so high as the 'Union,' which accommodates its 1025 members in Cockspur Street. It was formed soon after the United Service, and boasted at one time of no fewer than 400 members of both houses of Parliament.

We have now completed the list of London clubs. It should be understood, that the aggregate of the members set down to each far exceeds the number of individuals. Many men belong to more than one; and the vanity of some who can afford it, induces them to get admission into four, five, or even six, should they be eligible. For instance, a soldier—one of a military club—may be also a scientific man, and get into the Athenæum: he may have travelled, and be on the roll of the Travellers. Should he have been in the East, he may join the Oriental; and all the miscellaneous clubs are open to him. Some imagine that, having passed the ordeal of so many scrutinising ballots, they obtain great éclat and importance in society. Characters of this stamp form a new generation; they are essentially, and to all intents and purposes, club-men. Having been created by clubs, in clubs they have their being. They are perfectly conversant with the domestic arrangements of each establishment. They know to a nicety at which house the most perfect soups are served; from which of the kitchens the best soufflés are wafted; and can tell to a day when the best bin of the United University's claret was bottled. They are also oracles in higher things. Constantly 'looking in' at the morning rooms of the political clubs, they are able to prognosticate the precise number of a majority on any important parliamentary question. Their frequent visits to libraries, and intercourse with authors, give them an extensive acquaintance with literary matters, and they will name the writer of an anonymous work on the day of publication. They have a vast number and variety of acquaintances, and speak familiarly of my friend the duke, because 'he is a member of our club.'

Their extensive connoisseurship in small details of management, makes them valuable 'house' committeemen, and in that character they look uncommonly sharp after the goings on of the servants and the quality of the edibles. Some, again, are not so fortunate as to 'obtain office,' especially those who endeavour to get into it by dint of grumbling. Like Hector Boreall in one of Poole's clever though exaggerated sketches, these troublesome members write furious complaints on the backs of their dinner bills, because, perhaps, the cook sends up two sprigs of fennel instead of three, with a mackerel, and 'cracks the skin near the tail.' This sort of clubbist is the horror of committees, the dread of servants, and the terror of members, whom he is constantly canvassing for support for his frivolous complaints at the general meetings; enforcing his arguments by the incessant question, 'What do we pay our six guineas a-year for?' Men of this sort are appropriately called 'bores,' and happily form a very small minority in club-life. Apart from such exceptions, a more agreeable person than your regular club-man does

not exist. The variety of information he possesses, the freedom and ease with which he imparts it, and the excellence of his manners, make him a most popular character in general society; from which his clubs do not withdraw him, as we have before argued.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FUNGUS FAMILY.

The common edible mushroom is usually taken as the type of this order, which includes the puff-ball, truffle, morel, the mould on cheese and stale bread, the mildew on trees, the rust on corn, the substance called dry-rot, and many other minute and yet unexamined appearances of a similar nature. The fungi are amongst the lowest forms of vegetation, are entirely composed of cellular tissue, and have no organs corresponding to the roots, branches, or leaves of higher plants. It may be difficult to persuade some who have never given attention to botany, that such substances as the reddish dust often found on the ears of corn, and the white silky mould on decaying fruit, are really vegetable forms; but he has only to place them under the lens of a good microscope, to discover that they are as perfect as the mushroom that springs on the lawn, and to observe, moreover, their reproductive organs studded with minute grains, each granule destined to become a fungal like its parent. Though low in their organisation, the fungi are extremely diversified in their size, shape, colour, and consistence: so much so, that the naturalist will find in them as wide a field for his inquiry—as curious adaptations for his wonder—as are presented by any other order in nature.

Like all non-flowering and lowly-organised plants, the fungals are either propagated by spores or granules (seed), or by filamentous processes called spawn. The spores are generally produced within or under the conical cap or ball which springs above ground; the spawn in membranes attached to the part underground, or not unfrequently in the whole substance of the fungus. In point of reproduction, indeed, the family may be said to be infinite. The millions of spawn particles which Lewenhoeck counted in the roe of the cod are as nothing in comparison; for there reproductive power is confined to one portion of the animal, and that at a certain period only, whereas in the fungi every cell of tissue may contain its germs, and every germ spring up into new forms equally fitted for propagation in the space of a few hours. Nay, some pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and have given birth to thousands, even while under the field of the microscope. So minute are the spores of many species, that they float unseen in the atmosphere around us, may be in every drop of water we drink, or even circulate through our system unobserved. Individually, a fungus develops itself circularly; that is, the original germ increases by additions of tissue, which produce a spherical form; and this form, when mature, disperses its spores after the same concentric manner. A succession of such developments—proceeding from a common centre, and enlarging in space year after year—produces in many instances those deep green circles on lawns known as *fairy rings*; the decay of the latest crop of fungi serving as manure to the ring on which they grew.

Though some genera are rare, and rather local, it may be said of the family generally that they are scattered everywhere, without reference to those conditions which limit other vegetation, that they flourish on every substance, whether organic or inorganic, and that many luxuriate only on the structures of living plants or animals. Let any vegetable or animal substance begin to show symptoms of decay, and one night will suffice to establish myriads of these tiny moulds and mildews on its surface; let fruit, bread, cheese, flesh, milk, or the like, be laid aside in any damp unventilated place, and countless colonies of these parasites will succeed each

* Advantages of belonging to a Club, published in the New Monthly Magazine.

other, till they have utterly consumed the source from which they sprang. 'They usually prefer,' says a recent writer, 'damp, dark, unventilated places, such as cellars, vaults, the parts beneath decaying bark, the hollows of trees, the denser parts of woods and forests, or any decaying matter placed in a damp and shaded situation; and are most especially averse to dryness and bright light. Even when they appear upon the live leaves of trees, the stems of corn, or in similar situations, it is either at the damp and wet season of the year, late in the autumn, or in moist, airless places; and M. Andouin has shown experimentally, that when live insects are attacked by them, it is only when they are confined in damp, unventilated places.' Such facts are of practical utility; for often in storehouses, silk-worm nurseries, orchards, and corn-fields, there are not more destructive agencies than the parasitic fungi. Passing over such as the mushroom and truffle, which spring directly from the soil, and those which attach to the boles of trees and the like, we may notice the nature and habitat of some of the more curious genera.

Among the most familiar and universal are the *mucores*—moulds which abound on bruised fruit and other substances containing fecula and sugar. These moulds are of all shapes—simple, branched, spherical, radiating—presenting a surface like velvet, or a network of the most delicate texture; and of all hues—blue, yellow, and vermilion, but seldom or ever green. One of the most common, the *Mucor mucedo*, consists of a single filament, headed by a very minute ball-shaped receptacle. In the young state, this little ball is covered by a thin membrane, which bursts as the spores arrive at maturity, and which then present themselves like so many dusty particles congregated round a central nucleus. Being so minute, the slightest touch, or the gentlest breath of air, is sufficient to scatter them in thousands, and thus the *mucores* increase like wildfire. As they require abundant nutriment, it is only on succulent parts they luxuriate; and for this reason they are principally injurious to fruits—the slightest injury from an insect affording them a basis for propagation. Though individually small, the moulds, in the aggregate, are capable of effecting immense damage, and sometimes collect in masses truly astonishing, as is well illustrated by the instance recorded by Sir Joseph Banks. Having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be more decomposed by age. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm, that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal! This appeared to have grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposing particles of the wine—the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus. The expansive force of growing fungi is often curiously exemplified under stones and other moveable objects: we have seen a slab of pavement of considerable size raised several inches from its level by the growing power of a bed of puff-balls beneath.

The disease called *dry-rot* in timber, is owing to the presence of minute fungi, which insert their filaments into the pores and tubes of the wood, and there luxuriate and multiply at the expense of those substances which give to the timber its cohesion. If once established in a damp and unventilated situation, *dry-rot* increases with such amazing rapidity, that the largest beams in a few years become soft and tender as tinder. We have seen, for example, the beams and flooring of a building erected in 1830 so thoroughly destroyed by this disease in the course of eight years, that a child would have been in danger by placing his weight upon them. When taken up, the moulds were found adhering to them in masses of nearly two feet thick—a fact which will convey some idea of their infinite numbers, when it is

remembered that, individually, each plant can only be examined with the aid of a microscope. The genera chiefly instrumental in producing this disease are *merulius*, *polyporus*, and *sporotrichum*—the latter being perhaps the most rapidly-spreading and destructive. Damp, want of ventilation, and a slightly subacid state of the wood, are conditions most favourable to the development of *dry-rot*; free exposure to air and sunshine are thorough preventives; and where these cannot be secured, the wood should be steeped in some solution destructive of fungi. It is not merely dead timber, but living vegetables also that suffer from its ravages—as is often exemplified, to the cost of the farmer and gardener, in cases of mildew, smut, rust, ergot, &c. And if found on living plants, we need not be surprised at their appearance in animals. Many insects are attacked by them in such a manner, that the whole juices of the body are speedily consumed, and their space filled with the filaments of the fungi. One of the most common instances of animal *dry-rot* is the disease in silk-worms called *La Muscadine*. These insects are liable at all ages to become sickly, and to die, soon after death becoming stiff, and acquiring such a degree of rigidity as to be readily broken. There is then thrown out from their surface a white efflorescence, which is the fructification of the fungus, *Botrytis basiana*—the inside being filled with the thalli or filaments of the same plant. If some healthy caterpillars are placed beneath a bell-glass, along with a small portion of worm killed by the botrytis, they soon catch the disease, exhibit the same symptoms as those already mentioned, and eventually perish; having no doubt been infected either by rubbing themselves against the dead worm, or, what is more probable, having received upon their skins the infinitely minute seeds dispersed by the botrytis.

It is often a matter of wonder and inquiry how the minute fungi are generated so abundantly on substances and in situations where one cannot well conceive how their germs can gain admission. That their generation is not owing to any mere chemical action, but to the presence of their seeds or germs, is the common belief among naturalists; and yet it is sometimes impossible to account for their growth in this manner. It is true that the most impalpable dust is not finer than their spores, that these may be borne about by every current in the atmosphere, may be in every drop of exposed liquid, and may insert themselves in the finest organic tissues. It is also to be borne in mind that these spores may be present without their being developed; for, like higher forms, they will not germinate unless under fitting conditions. Thus Dutrochet found that distilled water holding a small quantity of white of egg in solution, did not generate fungi in a twelvemonth; but upon the addition of the minutest quantity of an acid, it generated them in eight days' time in abundance. Alkaline infusions were found to possess the same property; and the only poisons which prevented the growth of these minute fungi, were the oxides or salts of mercury. Upon this principle Mr Kyan and others have obtained patents for solutions of corrosive sublimate, &c. which render timber, cordage, sail-cloth, and other vegetable substances indestructible, so far as the attacks of fungi are concerned.

Though possessing no apparent beauty either of colour or of structure, the fungi are not without their interest in this respect, as any one can readily convince himself by placing a patch of mould under the lens of a good magnifier. The colours are generally tawny-brown, yellow, or pure white, often red and blue, but never green. The forms are for the most part stalked, with a conical or mitre-like head; some are globular; others are produced in irregular masses; and many are simple filamentary processes, with a productive speck at the apex. Many genera appear to be mere blotches of jelly, others froth-like masses, as unlike anything in vegetation as could well be imagined. Yeast, for example, according to Mùlder and others, is a spherical fungus; so that fermentation is a fungus development, the plants propagating

and increasing so long as they find the elements of nutrition in the fermenting liquid. A spherule of yeast, a vegetable capable of multiplying itself by myriads—what a wonderful microcosm of vitality! In their consistence the fungi are fleshy, spongy, leathery, gelatinous, or corky, but never herbaceous. They are of all sizes, from the spherule, which the naked eye can scarcely detect, to the monster fungus four and five feet in circumference. Though possessing no floral attractions, many species possess the more wonderful attraction of being luminous. The coal-mines near Dresden have long been celebrated for their fungi, which emit a light similar to that of pale moonlight. Gardner found some agarics growing on leaves of palms in Brazil, and illuminating the forests like so many stars—the light being visible for several hundred yards; and Delle found others in the olive-grounds of Montpellier. The spawn of the truffle is also accounted luminous, and can thus be detected when all other means would have been fruitless.

The purposes which the fungi fulfil in the economy of nature are as yet but little understood. Useless and unimportant as they may seem, destructive as they often are to the products of human labour, their numbers and universality demonstrate that they must subserve some great design in creation. Unlike other plants, they do not purify the air by robbing it of its carbonic acid, and exhaling oxygen, but rather tend to its vitiation, by exhaling carbonic acid, and absorbing oxygen. This has been proved by the experiments of Marcot; and yet, as a function, it seems as necessary as that to which it is opposed. According to a popular writer, 'fungi and insects may not inaptly be called the scavengers of nature; for both labour, and with astonishing effect, in the removal of refuse matters, which, were they left on the surface of the earth, would be found not only useless incumbrances, but injurious tenants. These they help to disintegrate and dissolve, and speedily remove, converting the exuvie of one generation into manure and vegetable mould, for the support and maintenance of the next. For these duties, their minute seeds and wandering habits particularly fit them.' Many of them also furnish food for innumerable insects, their soft pulpy substance being readily available for such a purpose, at the same time that their carrion-like odour adds a zest to the feast.

Though the minuter genera are often noxious to man, yet many of the larger are not without their uses. Some of these are wholesome and palatable, as the mushroom, morel, truffle, and champignon; others are deadly poisons, as every summer demonstrates, by some unlucky individual mistaking the noxious for the wholesome species. Many of the minuter fungi, as moulds, smuts, rusts, and so on, are injurious when taken into the human system; and there is not a more powerful drug in the whole materia medica than the ergot found on the ears of rye. German tinder, so much used by gentlemen for lighting their cigars, is prepared from a species of puff-ball or *Boletus*, which, after being dried, is impregnated with nitre. Some species were at one time used like the lichens by country people in dyeing yellow; but the advancement of the arts has long since banished such ingredients. As showing the value of the order in human economy, some of the edible genera may be shortly described. First and most familiar among these is the common field mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, found abundantly in every country of Europe, and used either in a fresh state, employed in cookery, or manufactured into ketchup. As the produce of the mushroom in a cultivated country like Britain is very uncertain, many noblemen have it reared in their own gardens, where proper beds are prepared and sown with its spawn. The morel is a more delicate fungus, sparingly found in the south of England, but abundantly in France and Italy. It is highly prized by gourmards, but has not, so far as we are aware, been brought into cultivation.

The truffle is the most valuable of the family, and commands a good price in the markets of Italy and

France. It grows beneath the surface, and has no appearance of a root; its form is that of an irregular globe, covered with small rounded tubercles, and its colour varies from that of white to a grayish or marbled brown. In general, it attains a diameter of two or three inches, and when full grown, emits a powerful but rather pleasant odour. Unlike other fungi, the truffle, when ripe, does not become a powdery mass, but dissolves into a gelatinous pulp. Truffles are found in most of the temperate climates of the old world, especially in the oak and chestnut forests of France and Italy, and in the chalk districts of southern England. Being strictly underground growers, it would be difficult to discover them, were it not that the pigs which feed in the woods are extremely fond of them, and commence to grub wherever they are abundant. Dogs can also be trained to recognise them by the smell; and a practised gatherer knows where to dig, by the appearance as well as by the hollow sound of the soil. The season of collecting them continues from October to January, after which they begin to split in all directions, and to fall to pieces. Many gardeners have endeavoured to cultivate the truffle, and at the present moment are making vigorous attempts; but they have as yet made but indifferent progress. The tuber is cooked in several ways, being either simply broiled, cut up into salad, or used like the mushroom as seasoning; but it must at all times be sparingly used. It may be kept in ice or covered with lard; and in some countries it is dried. The truffle was early known, and has been in repute among gourmards since the time of the Greeks and Romans. Other species of mushroom have been used for food from time immemorial in China, in India, and in Africa.

Besides these edible fungi, well known in the old world, there are others found in North and South America. The most remarkable of these is the genus *Cyttaria*, important from its forming an article of food to the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego. 'It is,' says Mr Darwin, 'a globular, bright yellow fungus, which grows in vast numbers on the beech trees. When young, it is elastic and turgid, with a smooth surface deeply pitted or honeycombed; in its tough and mature state, it is collected in large quantities by the women and children, and is eaten uncooked. It has a mucilaginous, slightly sweet taste, with a faint smell like that of a mushroom. With the exception of a few berries, the natives eat no vegetable food besides this fungus. In New Zealand, before the introduction of the potato, the roots of the fern were largely consumed; but at the present time, I believe Terra del Fuego is the only country in the world where a cryptogamic plant affords a staple article of food.'

THE CONDITION OF SPAIN.

THAT part of the European peninsula which is occupied by Spain, contains some of the most fertile territory in the world. In the delicious climate of the south, the progress of vegetation is never suspended, except during the short period of excessive heat in summer. Yet Spain, from being at one time the queen of empires, is now the poorest and most unsettled country in the civilised world. Her lands demanding but little labour to yield abundance of food, do not call forth that energy which is characteristic of less favoured nations; hence her natural advantages have been but little improved, and in manners, and in the practice of the useful arts, her people remain so stationary, that the Spaniard of to-day is the counterpart of the Englishman four or five centuries ago. A recent writer, who appears to be well acquainted with his subject, declares that, 'upon landing in the peninsula, and making a short excursion for a few miles in any direction, you see reproduced the manners of England five centuries back, and find yourself thrown into the midst of a society which is a close counterpart of that extinct semi-civilisation, of which no trace is to be found in our history later than the close of the four-

teenth century and the reign of Richard II. You behold the scant and ill-tended roads, frequented by no vehicles but the rude and springless agricultural cart, now laden with manure, and now with village beauties; and the resort of no other passenger than the weary plodder upon foot, and the rudely accoutred equestrian of the Canterbury Tales; and if you extend your journey a little further, you will probably light upon a party of skirmishers, a besieged town, a hurried detachment of marching troops, as in our own days of civil strife and our wars of the rival Roses. The face of the country is as little changed since the time of Cervantes, as the popularity of his inimitable Don Quixote; and, bating a little dissimilarity in the strictly professional costumes, the panoramas is as dirty and as picturesque as ever. The greater preponderance of mules and donkeys, round hats, red belts, and jackets, forms the only striking difference from the cortège of Chaucer's pilgrims, the high-peaked saddle and heavy iron stirrups being pretty much the same as in England of old (for the iron-work here, from the stirrup to the plough, is unchanged from the earliest times). The very horses are branded, as a protection from thieves, as they were in Chaucer's time by statute. Romerias, or pilgrimages in Spain, are still commonly resorted to by the votaries of piety and pleasure; and there are more highwaymen than ever met at Gad's-hill, to strip them on their journey.*

To idleness, which has its root in the ease with which the necessities of life are procured from the soil, must the stationary condition of the Spanish nation be traced. But all people deficient in regular systematic and profitable employment, substitute for it a bad activity; and that activity in Spain has for ages, with few intervals, taken the form of intestine strife, occasioning a great uncertainty in the tenure of life and property. This is the surest bar to improvement and progress; hence it is that the Spaniards are even worse, both intellectually and socially, than the ancestors of whom they are proverbially so proud.

Recently, the Spanish people have been unusually active in discord. To their ordinary internal quarrels was lately added a war of succession, vigorously prosecuted by Don Carlos, uncle of the present queen. This, however, having subsided, has, it would seem from the work before us, given place to intrigues at court, originating frequent and sanguinary, though short outbreaks amongst the people. Spain is the classic ground of intrigue; and one of the most entertaining parts of Mr Hughes's work is the account he gives of the court, the composition of which presents a curious picture to the English reader.

The present ruler of Spain is Isabella II., daughter of Ferdinand VII. and Christina of Naples. When she ascended the throne in 1833, she was only three years old, and the affairs of the state were carried on by a regency, of which her mother was for a time at the head. She has also a younger sister, and our author presents them in a group. 'During the enormously protracted ceremonies of Holy Week, every one had an opportunity of seeing the royal family at their devotions. It was an interesting spectacle; three female personages of regal rank ranged by the side of the altar, isolated and exalted over the rest of the community both by power and by the accidents of social position; no husband, nor father, nor brother, at hand, to afford the support of masculine protection, and their nearest male relative a hostile usurper.' At the early age of thirteen Isabella was pronounced of age, and now governs on her own responsibility. The following is a picture of the maiden-queen, as drawn by Mr Hughes. 'The appearance of Queen Isabel Maria to the eye of a stranger is that of a precocious but somewhat careworn and sickly girl—exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. But that her brow is circled with a crown, at a period of unparalleled

youth to emerge from legal nonage, there is little there to arrest your attention; you are neither forbidden nor attracted; you deem her more advanced than her age; but this precocity, as compared with England, is universal in the peninsula.' Though imperfectly educated, her majesty is blessed with an extraordinary memory, and was able to repeat by rote the whole constitution of 1837, which she had sworn to observe, but which her ministers have in great part repealed. She possesses the most perfect museum of confectionary in Europe. It extends over every apartment of the palace, and contains some most interesting specimens; and the most striking characteristic of the youthful majesty of Spain, is her relish and constant use of these *bonbons* and sweetmeats. 'Her papers of confits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne. The books of heraldry are not in her case vain, which, as females have nothing to do with shields, inscribe their armorial bearings in a *lozenge*. When she is in a good humour, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she affords is distributing these bonbons freely amongst her ministers and palace grandees. She does not ask whether these gentlemen have a sweet tooth, but very naturally infers that what she likes herself must be pleasing to all the world. The degrees of ministerial favour may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionary; and the minister of the interior is first fiddle by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the minister of grace and justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her ministers (which she does twice a week), she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confecting of decrees and discussion of dainties proceed *pari passu*.' In the important office of governing, her majesty is assisted by a cabinet; but to such vicissitudes are Spanish state affairs subject, that her ministry has been changed exactly thirty-six times in ten years. This may be chiefly accounted for by a peculiarity which has attached itself to the Spanish throne for so many ages, that it may now be considered a governmental institution, and known as the *camarilla*.* This consists of a few persons, who associate for the purpose of forming 'a power behind the throne,' and may be designated as a board of intrigue. It is a small body, consisting of the favourites of the ruler, male and female, and acts as a purveyor of scandal, news, and too often of calumny, to the royal ear. In this capacity the *camarilla*, without having any official connexion with the state, rules its destinies.

Mr Hughes devotes one chapter to the history of *camarillas*, from which it appears that they first began to be formed so early as the fourteenth century. The sort of persons who have since composed them, have of course varied with the tastes and leading characteristics of the sovereign they surrounded. A warlike prince selected, like Juan II., a *camarilla* of generals; a fanatical prince was led by a *camarilla* of monks and priests, like Philip II. and Ferdinand, the father of the present queen. It was a *camarilla* which influenced the otherwise illustrious Ferdinand and Isabella against Columbus and his projects of geographical discovery. Finally, the *camarillas* of the present young and inexperienced queen, have occasioned many of those disastrous changes of ministry and consequent unsettlement in state affairs, of which the Spanish nation is so much the victim. The present *camarilla* consists of a rough and unbending soldier, a bustling diplomatist, and two marchionesses. Our author characterises these combinations of intrigue with a rough hand. 'The formation of *camarillas* is a mystery, as their deeds are deeds of darkness. An impenetrable cloud is over their origin, and all their after-movements are occult. Their intercourse with the crown is illicit, their action on the nation's destinies is a crime; they are compelled to work

* Revelations of Spain in 1845. By T. M. Hughes. Second Edition. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

* The literal meaning of this word is a small chamber.

in secret by the force of an involuntary shame. Creeping, grovelling, and insidious, inured to baseness, and accomplished only in the arts of cunning, the camarilla burrows into the palace like a rat, to emerge a thundering charger. It does not enter boldly by the door, but wriggles through the narrowest hole it can find. It crawls in upon all-fours like a dwarf, and comes forth an armed giant.

Such being the state of affairs at head-quarters, the unsettled condition of the rest of the nation can easily be accounted for. As a specimen of how readily political excitement is engendered, and to what fatal results it leads, the following coffee-house scene may be taken:—"The Spanish café is a club; for men of simple wants and social habits, a very convenient one; and, as if in contempt of London exclusiveness, it is open to all the world. Here the political effervescence of Spain often leads to the most violent scenes. At the beginning of 1844, in the principal café of Zaragoza (after Barcelona, the most turbulent city of Spain), an officer of the garrison was assailed and insulted for the despotic acts of Narvaez and the Moderados. From language of increasing asperity, and of that vehemently energetic character which belongs to Spain, they passed to hustling, and the officer's epaulettes were brushed and ruffled in the mêlée. He instantly drew his sword, wounded some of his antagonists, had missiles flung at him, and was driven with his back to the wall. Other officers and soldiers repaired to the scene, and blood was shed; nor were the combatants separated until the political chief and municipal guard arrived to make them prisoners. So great was the violence used on this occasion, that firearms were produced, and numerous shots discharged within the café; and after the other officers and military interposed, an alfileraz (ensign) of the regiment of America was hit by a pistol bullet—the carrying of pocket pistols being too common in Spanish cities during periods of excitement. Thereupon the officers fell with their swords upon the civilians, but the latter were well provided with sword-sticks to meet them; and while these fenced and dealt each other some severe blows, the two or three soldiers who took part in the fray deliberately fired on the body of civilians, and the latter discharged all the pistols they carried. The café subsequently bore tokens of the skirmish, several bullets being lodged in the woodwork, and divers chairs and tables shattered to pieces. Fortunately, though several of the combatants were wounded, none died; and, as a bystander remarked with peculiar *nonchalance*, "There was good practice for the surgeons of Zaragoza." So strong, unfortunately, became the animosity between the townspeople and the troops of the line, that on the same night an attempt was made to poniard Captain Don Bernardo Taulat, by three men muffled in cloaks, who dogged him to his door." This led to further outbreaks, and the café was closed for a week.

Despite, however, of all this anarchy, such is the excellence of the soil, that the picture drawn of the condition of the lower classes is surprisingly favourable. Let this astonish you, sagacious statesmen—let this fact confound the more polished world's wisdom: there is no poor-law here, no compulsory relief; the rural society is very barbarous; agriculture is no more advanced than it was a century after the flood; industry there is little, occupation trifling, energy none; the soil is but scratched, manures little used, irrigation, which is in truth indispensable, but slightly resorted to; and yet distress there is almost none. * * * You may sojourn long enough in a Spanish town before you will meet any of those evidences of downright misery which so soon strike the eye at home, and which abound even in London, in the vicinity of its most splendid squares. There may be rags and filth enough, but there is not the squalor of suffering, or the gaunt aspect of famine. No one starves in this country; few are in positive distress. Those who seek alms are for the most part of the class of jolly beggars, and how thriving is the trade, may be inferred from the independence of its

practitioners, from the impudence of their unimploring demands, and the obstinate sturdiness of their persistence. The beggar, having no property of his own, is king and lord of all the properties in the country. The Spanish beggar is more of a visitor and a familiar acquaintance than a suer for alms. He has his own set and circle, like those who move in the best society, and pays his regular round of visits upon fixed days. He does not sow cards to reap dinners, nor does he deal in drawing-room scandal, small-talk, or pointless tattle. No; he conjures you by the love of God and of the Virgin to give him a *quart*, and having kissed the same, and crossed and blest himself with it, he passes to your next-door neighbour. If you are deaf to this appeal, he does not hesitate to tap at your windows and knock at your door with the authority of a postman; if you conceal yourself in your inmost recess, his voice is sure to reach you with its impressive and imperious:—"De alguna cosa por el amor de Dios y de la Virgen!"—[Give something for the love of God and of the Virgin!]

Learning, which once held her chief seat in Spain, has now nearly deserted her. The walls of the universities remain, but they enclose but few students; though professors remain for the sake, it would seem, not so much of teaching, as of granting diplomas. The arts and sciences are therefore at a low ebb. Medicine is chiefly practised by the quack. He is known as the Curandero, and is of various kinds. 'There is the vender of Orviétan, or counter-poison, who has an antidote for everything; the barber-surgeon, who, like Sangrado, bleeds for everything; the Curandero Maravilloso, or Spanish Morison, who has a pill or a powder to cure everything (I don't suppose Englishmen have any right to inveigh against Spanish quacks); the Nevero, or snow-vender, who makes up an imitation of snow, and vends it in phials at fairs as a remedy for aches and pains; and the Caracol-Curandero, or snail-doctor, who with snails and frogs professes to cure every inward complaint. Finally, there is the Gusano-Curandero, or worm-quack, who attacks the thousand diseases which flesh is heir to with decoctions or plasters of powdered reptiles; and the Saludador, who kisses the most dangerous sores, and undertakes to cure them with his breath.

'A Curandero in the district of Cuenca had perhaps the most extraordinary pharmacopœia that has ever been heard of. His name was Campillo, and his renown spread far and wide—into Castile on the one hand, and into La Mancha on the other. He was endowed with extraordinary eloquence, and his influence over his patients was immense. He wrought upon their imagination and enthusiasm, and was thus probably indebted to a species of natural magnetism for many of his triumphs. He was the Napoleon of quacks; and some of his cures, though nearly incredible, are well attested. A dropsical patient, thirty years of age, applied to him. He had passed through the hands of the most expert members of the faculty, and had vainly tried every recognised remedy. He was so weak as to require to be carried about. Campillo resolved, in this man's case, to try a most extraordinary species of allopathy. He carried him to the hospital, where a number of children then were lying, and purposely infected him with small-pox! The disease was completely developed in him, his sufferings were excessive, and his face and body were pitted for life; but his dropsy disappeared for ever. One would suppose that the remedy here was almost worse than the disease. Not so, however, thought the good Cuencans. Scores of dropsical and other patients flocked to him, requesting to be cured by small-pox. And Campillo records I know not how many cases, but does not say a word of those he killed. This genius had a great contempt for all ordinary sorts of plasters, whether designed for cuts, contusions, or ulcers, and accordingly he invented lotions and plasters of his own. A rich proprietor wounded his leg against a tree in hunting: his ordinary surgeon applied cataplasms composed of bread-crumbs, milk, and

saffron, to allay the inflammation. A large ulcer unfortunately ensued, the limb became swollen, and acute pains were felt. He tried another surgeon—worse and worse. He lost his appetite and his sleep. Such was the fruit of sundry decoctions, pisans, and medicines, prescribed (said the doctors) to make his blood fluid, and correct its acrid humours. He next applied to the Cirujano-mayor of the royal armies, who left nothing untried, applied the most powerful alteratives, and salivated him most effectually. The ulcer, notwithstanding, became so large, that there was soon a talk of amputating the limb. Before this last resort, Campillo was applied to, and told him to pour three times a day on the limb the contents of a pint bottle with which he supplied him, rigidly enjoining him not to taste the contents of the bottle. The leg was speedily cured; and Campillo afterwards confessed that the cure was effected with common water!

Many a pleasant story of Spanish life is scattered over Mr Hughes's graphic pages; and his pictures possess that sort of vividness and vraisemblance which guarantee their likeness to the originals. They impress the reader with a conviction that the manners, actions, habits of thought, and even the condition of the people of Spain, are precisely the same now as described in the life-like history of the renowned Gil Blas de Santillane. But the picture, however amusing when seen in detail, is when viewed as a whole, much to be deplored. It is lamentable to reflect that, with every natural advantage, Spain should stand at zero in the scale of European civilisation.

THE DUKE OF NORMANDY.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE continental journals announce that, on the 10th of last August, there died at Delft, in Holland, Charles Louis, known as the 'Duke of Normandy.' This individual presented one of those extraordinary instances of doubtful identity which we find scattered over ancient and modern biography. The mystery of his birth has not been cleared up by his death, and continues as impenetrable as that of the celebrated Man with the Iron Mask.

It is well known that, in 1791, Louis XVI. of France was overtaken during his attempted flight from France at Varennes, and afterwards dragged to the prison of the Temple. He was accompanied by his family, which consisted of his wife, Marie Antoinette, his sister, daughter, and his only son, the dauphin of France. On the 21st January 1793, the unfortunate monarch was beheaded; and his son, still a prisoner, was partially acknowledged as Louis XVII., though only in the ninth year of his age. This was but a mockery, for his captivity only became the more close and cruel. He was separated from his mother, and handed over to the custody of one Simon, a ferocious cobbler, and his wife, who, besides practising all sorts of external cruelties on him, tried every means to demoralise his mind. When this ruffian was promoted to a seat in the 'Commune' (a kind of common council), the royal prisoner's hardships increased. He was shut up in a room, rendered totally dark both night and day. In this he was kept for a whole year, without once being allowed to leave it; neither was his body or bed linen changed during that time. The filth, stench, and vermin amidst which the child dragged on his existence, at length, it is said, terminated it.* On the eve of death, his persecutors sent the physician Dessault to see if his life

could be prolonged by better treatment; but the doctor's reply was that it was too late: nothing could save him; and his demise was announced to have taken place on the 8th of June 1795, at the age of ten years and two months. The National Convention, which then managed the public affairs, appointed a commission to verify the event, and the body was opened by two surgeons, named Pelletan and Dumangin. In speaking of the remains, they describe them as a corpse 'represented to us as that of Charles-Louis.' The doctor Pelletan took out the heart, and preserved it in spirits of wine; which he gave to the deceased's sister when she had married the Duke D'Angoulême. The rest of the body was huddled with other corpses into a common grave in the cemetery of the parish of St Margaret; so that, at the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, when Louis XVIII. desired that the remains of his predecessor should be disinterred, they could not be distinguished.

The equivocal wording of the medical report, aided by other suspicions, caused an idea to gain extensive currency that a dead child had been substituted for the royal infant; and that he had escaped from his jailers by a well-laid plan, carried out by his partisans. This notion was so prevalent, that we find, amongst the records of the Convention, a decree dated June 14, 1795—only six days after the date fixed as that of the young king's death—ordering him to be sought for along all the roads of the kingdom. However, the better-informed part of the community were firmly convinced that Louis XVII. was dead and buried; and from that time till very lately, the belief was never effectually disturbed. Taking advantage of the doubt, several impostors made their appearance, claiming to be the prince. The first of these was one Hervagant, who, when discovered to be a tailor's son, was condemned in 1802 to four years' imprisonment. In 1818 Mathurin Bruneau, a shoemaker, tried the same trick; but failing, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. In short, no fewer than fifteen impostors have been enumerated; all of whom pretended to be the wretched young prince, returned from exile after escaping from the Temple. The latest claimant is the subject of the present notice; and so startlingly do some of the circumstances of his career coincide with the short history of the son of Louis XVI., that many well-informed persons really believe he was the person he represented himself to be.

Between the termination of Charles-Louis's imprisonment by death or otherwise, and the appearance of this individual on the scene, it may be necessary to remind the reader that several revolutions and counter-revolutions had swept over France. Napoleon's career had begun and ended; the allies had seated the Bourbons on the throne in the person of Louis XVIII., brother to Louis XVI., and uncle to his latest predecessor; Charles X. had succeeded, and was driven from the throne by the revolution of 1830, which seated Louis-Philippe on it in his stead. All these events had taken place when the story of the so-called Duke of Normandy commences.

On an unusually hot evening for the season—an early day in the May of 1832—a man covered with dust, and who appeared to be borne down with fatigue, entered Paris through the barrier d'Italie. Still, he traversed the Boulevard de l'Hôpital with a firm step, being a fine well-made man, apparently about forty-eight years old. On arriving at the bridge of Austerlitz, he crossed to the toll-bar at the farther extremity, and was accosted by the keeper, an invalid soldier, who demanded the toll. Upon this he made a sign that he did not understand French; but, on the other pulling out a sous piece, to intimate the nature of his demand, the stranger shook his head, heaved a deep sigh, and, after some hesitation, drew forth a fine handkerchief, which he threw towards the toll-keeper, and hastened away in the direction of the Boulevard Bourbon, to Père la Chaise. He got within the gates just before they were closed for the night, and concealing himself amongst

* For a minute account of this interesting and much-abused child, we refer to our tract entitled 'The Little Captive King.'

the tombs and bushes, escaped the notice of the watchmen. It was thus that the stranger passed his first night in Paris.

The day was far advanced when he was found, too much overcome by hunger and fatigue to rise. A gentleman accidentally passing, observed and pitied his condition. After supplying him with some food, he recommended him to solicit the assistance of a benevolent lady whom he named, as she was known far and near for her readiness to help foreigners in distress; besides, she spoke the German language fluently, the only one the worn-out traveller understood. Acting upon this advice, he repaired to the generous Comtesse de R.'s residence, at No. 16, Rue Richer. She was a lady well stricken in years, and preserved an enthusiastic veneration for the Bourbon branch of the royal family, having been femme de chambre to the son of Louis XVI. When the wretched wayfarer presented himself to her, she naturally inquired who he was. To which he replied in German, 'I am Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.' Upon hearing this unexpected reply, the good old countess fainted. On recovering her senses, she exclaimed, 'Good Heavens! he is the very image of his unfortunate mother!' On calmer reflection, however, she was but half convinced, and determined to put the stranger's identity to another test. She had kept as a relic a little blue robe with metal buttons, which was worn by the royal infant when she nursed him. This she brought forth; and the stranger no sooner saw it, than he exclaimed, 'Ah, my little coat!' After this, Comtesse de R. declared her belief that he was her prince to be so firm that she would have died on the scaffold rather than recant. Without hesitation, she gave up the best apartments of her house for his use and occupation; she even offered for his acceptance the remains of her fortune. This, however, he at once refused, asking no more from her than that she would send for a tailor to equip him with habiliments more in accordance with his pretensions, than the tatters he then wore. This the countess did, and was not slow in imparting to her royalist friends of whom she was the honoured hostess. All acknowledged the extraordinary similarity both in person and manner which the stranger bore to the royal family. Some were enthusiastic believers; others, with all their legitimist enthusiasm, were sceptical. Amongst the former was a certain Monsieur S. de La., who thought the appearance of the 'prince' a miracle in reference to that particular time. Louis-Philippe, when he accepted the crown nearly two years before, had done so with great apparent reluctance. 'How happy therefore will he be,' said this visionary politician, 'to remove the burthen of the state from his own shoulders to those of the rightful heir to the throne!' But before so curious a proposition was made to the king of the French, the other royalists consulted M. de Talleyrand. He replied, with his usual epigrammatic irony, 'There are some people who are born with two left hands. This is poor S.'s case: added to which, he seems to have been brought into the world without brains.' Upon this the party wisely determined to keep the 'prince's' presence in Paris as quiet as possible. Another of his adherents, M. de Forbin Janson, the fiery bishop of Nancy, suggested that, as the illustrious stranger's chance of the throne was somewhat remote, he should enter the church, in which the highest dignities awaited him. This was also found to be impracticable when Neindorf (the name by which the 'prince' now declared he had hitherto been known) revealed that he was a married man, and the father of six children.

The more sceptical part of his adherents very naturally wished to know—supposing his story to be true—how in his early years he escaped from the Temple; and when the stranger had sufficiently mastered the French language—which he took but a short time to acquire—he gave a most circumstantial and plausible

account of his early adventures. His narrative was carefully noted down at the time, and, translated, consists in substance as follows:—'I cannot be said to have escaped from my jailers,' he began, 'for I left the prison in the most natural manner possible. Some time before the day of my supposed death, a royalist committee was formed for the purpose of saving me. One of these was M. Frotté, who, as the pupil of my physician Desautel, was allowed free ingress and egress to the Temple. One day he entered my cell, motioned me to be silent, seized me, and dragged me to a cabinet under the spire of the tower. A sick child who had been given over by the faculty was substituted in my place, and he, dying two days after (8th June 1795), was buried as Louis XVII. At my supposed death, there being no more prisoners in the Temple, all the keepers and guards were withdrawn, and I was conducted outside the walls without meeting a single official. The ruse, however, got wind, and the decree of the 14th of June was the consequence. To frustrate this, the royalist committee caused several children to personate me, imparting to the impostors several circumstances connected with my family. One they sent to Bordeaux, another to La Vendée, a third to Germany, and so on. These are the children who, when they became men, tried to keep up the character which they had been previously taught to play. This explains the incredible number of false dauphins who have appeared.' He ended by declaring, that when, in 1814, the congress of Vienna ceded the crown of France to Louis XVIII., they knew perfectly well of his existence; but the obligations the allies were under to 'his uncle,' overwhelmed the scruples they felt at investing that prince with a sovereignty to which he had no title.

One thing appeared improbable—how the assumed prince should have forgotten his native language. He was ten years of age at the period of his leaving France, and spoke French as cleverly as any other boy, if not more so. How, then, did he lose this faculty? A residence in Germany, even for so great a length of time as thirty-seven years, could hardly have obliterated the French language from his mind. This does not appear to have been explained, and, with some other circumstances, it served to check the credulity of parties half inclined to believe the representations of M. Neindorf.

Further proofs were therefore required; and several were afterwards afforded. The details of the first are somewhat singular. At this time (July 1832) there lived in the village of Gallardon, at the extremity of Beauce, a peasant named Martin, who had the reputation of receiving revelations from above, which he acquired so far back as 1818, when Mathew Bruneau and other spurious princes made their appearance. One Sunday in that year, during mass, Martin saw a vision in which he said an angel commanded him to get an interview with Louis XVIII., the purport of which should be afterwards revealed to him. Immediately after his return from church, Martin having taken leave of his wife and family, commenced his journey on foot to Paris. On the fifth day he arrived there, went straight to the palace of the Tuilleries, and demanded to be admitted to the king. In the simplicity of his heart, he told the guards that his mission was of a celestial nature; but they, not finding messengers from above among the list of visitors set down in the orders of the day, handed poor Martin over to the municipal authorities, who transferred him to the Bicêtre lunatic asylum. Here he remained for some time, during which his exemplary piety and touching resignation attracted the attention and respect of the principal physician, who often made him the subject of general conversation. At the end of two months Louis heard of the circumstance, and actually consented to see the harmless man. At the interview, he imparted to the king the substance of a second revelation; which was, that his majesty's nephew, Louis XVII., was still alive, and would return at no distant period; and that if the king he addressed attempted to undergo the ceremony of coronation, the direst calamities would follow; amongst

others the dome of the cathedral (of Rheims) would fall in, and crush every soul taking part in the rites. Whether the majesty of France took any serious heed of this enthusiast's warning, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain—Louis XVIII. never *was* formally crowned. When Martin returned to his village, he found that the king had bought the house which he rented, and presented it to him to live in for the rest of his days. This, together with his interview with royalty—of which he of course made no secret—elevated the poor visionary to the character of a prophet amongst the population of that part of the country; many of whom indeed formed themselves into a sect called Martinists, and devoutly expected the re-appearance of the son of Louis XVI.

As these facts were notorious in 1818, they had not been forgotten in 1832, and it was not at all unnatural that the least credulous of the Comtesse de R.'s friends should suggest that Neüendorf should be shown to the Beauce prophet. Accordingly, in September, a journey to St Arnould, near Dourdan, was undertaken; and without saying who he was, or pretended to be, Neüendorf was there confronted with Martin. In an instant, it is said, the prophet recognised him as the person he had seen in his second vision as Louis XVII. His enthusiasm knew no bounds; he embraced the 'prince' with tears of joy, and in the evening the whole party heard mass at the modest little church of St Arnould.

Whatever effect this scene may have had upon Neüendorf's more educated companions, it created a prodigious sensation in that part of the country, and one which was extremely beneficial to the 'prince.' The honest people could not do enough to testify their delight. After his return to Paris, they organised subscriptions, in collecting which the village priests took the lead. Under their influence the farmers and peasantry subscribed not only cash, but produce, a regular supply of which was sent every Saturday to Paris, under the charge of a farmer of St Arnould, named Noël Pequet. It was ascertained that, during the four months succeeding his appearance at St Arnould, the value of upwards of £16,000 sterling was remitted to him from various parts of France!

With these supplies, and the contributions of the Comtesse de R. and her friends, Neüendorf was able to take a house, and set up an establishment, which he did as Duc de Normandie, the title which had been given by Louis XVI. to his son. He began house-keeping on a scale of regal magnificence. He bought a carriage, and collected a handsome stud of horses. His servants' liveries were splendid, and adorned with gilt buttons, on which was embossed a broken crown. He even went so far as to form a court and appoint a ministry; and, that nothing should be wanting, he actually started a newspaper to advocate his cause. The gentleman who undertook the responsible editorship of this journal having, however, neglected to deposit the securities required by law with the proper authorities, was arrested, and condemned to a long imprisonment; which he duly suffered. The unfortunate victim to loyal sentiments was one M. Widerkeer. This was the only evidence vouchsafed by the higher powers of their knowledge of the duke's proceedings. That the government of Louis-Philippe did not apprehend any very serious extent of belief in Neüendorf's pretensions, must be inferred from the immunity with which they allowed him to carry on his proceedings, and to accept the contributions of the royalists. On the other hand, it must be noticed that Louis-Philippe's seat on the throne was not so firm as it is now; and he may have been afraid to disturb Neüendorf, lest he should have excited the enmity of a very powerful party.

It must be owned that the evidence which the pretender had hitherto produced, was only calculated to gain over persons of limited experience and strong legitimist prejudices. A circumstance, however, which afterwards took place, was of a nature to stagger more

obstinate sceptics; it had indeed that effect. We translate it from the words of an individual who was present when it happened. The Duc de Normandie was at dinner, surrounded by several friends. 'Among the company was an old lady who, having recently arrived from the provinces, had never heard of the "prince," and, on being presented to him, was extremely astonished to find herself in the presence of so illustrious a person. After dinner, the conversation turned upon the duke's younger days, and the lady referred to addressed him in these words—"I, monseigneur, never saw the dauphin; but an old friend who was constantly near his person in his infancy, has described to me that from the midst of his lower jaw there sprung out two teeth. They were incisors, and as straight and pointed as the teeth of a rabbit." Without speaking a word, he pulled open his lower lip, and exhibited to the company such a pair of rabbits' teeth as were described.'

This occurrence confirmed the duke's adherents in their belief of his identity with the victim of the first revolution, and the presence of the rightful heir to the throne of France created some stir in Paris. Perhaps the aspirant to royalty and his friends felt disappointed that the government did not evince its dread by some little persecution, over and above the imprisonment of Widerkeer. To account for this forbearance, dark suspicions were whispered regarding the *secret* intentions of the ruling powers; and these were not long in being corroborated. One day in November, the duke expressed a desire to imitate certain other royalties by examining the streets of the capital, and mixing with its humble citizens *incog*. To this end he sallied forth alone, and even condescended to take his dinner at Vefour's celebrated restaurant. The evening was unusually dark, and while returning to his house across the open space at the back of the Tuilleries (La Place de Carrousel), he felt his shoulder suddenly grasped by a strong hand, and in another instant a poniard was plunged more than once into his breast, with the words, 'Die, Capet!' Fortunately, the intended victim wore inside his coat a medal of the Virgin, which had belonged, it was understood, to Marie Antoinette, his mother; this, receiving the point of the dagger, preserved his life, though several flesh wounds were inflicted. The assassin fled; nor did the duke make any alarm, for fear of being obliged to appear at the municipal guardhouse, and thus get into the power of the government. When he reached home, he was faint from loss of blood, and kept his bed for a fortnight.

The suspicions of foul play entertained by his 'court' were confirmed; they regarded the bravo as an emissary of the government, and the '*Meurs, Capet!*' as an acknowledgment of the duke's right to the crown! There were, however, ill-natured people who went about hinting that, as the victim was quite alone, and became the teller of his own story, the diabolical deed *might* have been done by himself, to strengthen the faith of his followers. Nor were these sceptics silenced when the gashes in the coat, the dents in the medal, and the blood of the royal sufferer, were pointed out. But, upon the whole, whether true or false, the circumstance materially strengthened the duke's position; and, on recovery, he began to play the prince in earnest.

He wrote to the Duchess of Berri, and to 'his sister' the Duchess of Angoulême. To the latter he offered to prove his identity in the following manner:—"When in the Temple," he said, 'our royal mother and our aunt wrote several lines on a paper, which paper was cut in halves. One piece was given to you, and when we meet I will produce its fellow, which has never been out of my possession since our fatal separation.' The truth of this was never put to the test, for no answer was deigned to his letter.

At length the state in which the Duke of Normandy

* *Meurs, Capet!*—Capet is the family name of the Bourbons, as Guelph is that of the house of Brunswick.

lived, the constant visits of his increasing partisans, and his general proceedings, attracted the attention of the police; and the heir to the French throne was made to understand that he stood a likely chance of being thrown into prison, and brought up to answer for his conduct before the court of assize. Upon this he determined to live less ostentatiously, and withdrew to a hotel in the Rue St Guillaume (No. 34), with which address none but a chosen few of his devoted partisans were made acquainted. Though formerly disappointed at having been passed so contemptuously over by the authorities, he now seemed in great dread of them. He never dared to appear abroad, and instituted particular signs and modes of knocking at his door when those in the secret wished admittance. The proprietor of the house entertained from these proceedings very disagreeable suspicions, and, lest he should get into trouble himself, gave his illustrious lodger notice to quit. Some weeks after, the claimant of the crown was really arrested; but exile, and not imprisonment, was his doom. He was placed in the coupé of a diligence between two policemen, and conducted beyond the frontiers of France. In 1838 we find him in England, still calling himself the Duke of Normandy.

He took up his quarters in Camberwell Green, near London, and in November of the above year, suffered a second attempt upon his life. He was, it seems, returning from an outhouse in the garden, when a man confronted him, and fired two pistols at his breast. He pushed aside the weapons with the candlestick he happened to be carrying; but two bullets entered his left arm. The assassin escaped over a drain into a back street; but having been recognised, was subsequently captured. A surgeon was sent for, and the bullets extracted, after having done no serious injury. The criminal turned out to be one of his late adherents, by name Desiré Rousselle; who, on examination before the magistrates of the police-office at Union Hall, could assign no motive for the deed; and after two more examinations he was discharged, the duke declining to prosecute. The next appearance of his grace of Normandy at a police-office was in character of defendant. It seems that he had turned his attention to the art of pyrotechnics, and his explosive experiments were so alarming to the quiet neighbourhood of Camberwell, that he was summoned to answer for his conduct; but on promising not to repeat it, the complaint was dismissed. It would appear that his experiments were not altogether useless; for at a trial of newly-invented shells before the Board of Ordnance at Woolwich, the duke's missiles were declared either second or third, we forget which, in point of efficiency. Indeed he seems to have occupied himself almost exclusively with scientific pursuits whilst in England. At Chelsea, whither he removed, the duke constructed a set of workshops and laboratories, in which he, with his assistants and pupils, diligently wrought. In what his scientific labours and experiments would have resulted, it is impossible to say, for they were interrupted by a third attempt on his life. While alone in one of his workshops, late at night, a bullet was fired at him from a hidden and still undiscovered enemy. The shot missed him; but, afraid to remain in this country any longer, he retired to Delft, in Holland, where it seems he died a natural death on the 10th of August last.

Whatever opinions may be formed of the truth of this individual's story of his birth, it is certain that a great many persons in France, whose opinions are entitled to respect, believe him to have been Louis XVII. Amongst the notices in the French papers to which his decease has given rise, we find a note written by M. Herbert, once director of the military posts in Italy. It appears that when in that office, the man Neüendorf was, in 1810, arrested at Rome, and interrogated by M. Radet, chief of police in that city: the latter pronounced him to be in reality the son of Louis XVI. Than M. Radet, there could not be a better judge of the matter, for he happened to be one of the five per-

sons who arrested Louis and his family when they tried to quit France, and were intercepted at Varennes. Our own impression is, notwithstanding this and all other circumstances to the contrary, that the man was an impostor, and such we believe will also be the impression generally among our readers.

A FASHION OF 1745.

We have lately formed acquaintance with a rare pamphlet of the year 1745, which may perchance amuse our readers. The title at full length is as follows:—'The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat, as the Fashion now is, and has been, for about these two years, fully displayed in some Reflections upon it, humbly offered to the Consideration of both Sexes, especially the Female. By A. W. Esq. London: printed for William Russell, at the Golden Ball, near St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1745. (Price Sixpence.)' It starts with a disclaimer of all preciseness and moroseness, professing rather an unusual regard for the fair sex: 'neither is the author an old man clamouring against things new. This, indeed, he says, could not well be the case; for fashions have undergone little change in his remembrance: 'among men scarce any, except a broader or narrower hat, and some little variation in the sleeves, skirts, and pockets of their coats.' He enters the field on public grounds alone.

The chief invention of his time is, he says, the hoop petticoat. In its original institution about the year 1709, it was sufficiently bad, inasmuch that most people thought it could not long survive, especially after Isaac Bickerstaff, in the *Tatler*, opened his batteries against it. Having, in spite of ridicule, stood its ground since then, it has within the last two years 'spread into such an enormous circumference, that there is no enduring it any longer. It is now,' the writer declares, 'past a jest: the whole sex, in a manner, especially the younger sort, the misses, are by this prodigious garment become a perfect nuisance.' 'I pass over,' he adds, 'the foolish expense of so much silk and other costly materials, to cover such a huge extent of canvas, or striped linen and whalebone, though that is beyond measure ridiculous.'

Determined, if possible, to write it down, our pamphleteer proposes to 'treat the wearer of this rotunda in a fivefold view or aspect; 1, as merely hooped; 2, as hooped, and coming into a room; 3, as hooped, and actually in a room; 4, as hooped, and in a coach or chair; and, 5, as hooped, and in any public assembly, particularly at church.'

First, with a mere regard to proportion, the hoop puts the lower section of the female figure out of all harmony with the upper. 'Can anything be a greater jest than to see a girl of seventeen taking up the whole side of a street with her hollow strutting petticoats? Behold one of them at church walking down the wide empty middle aisle, one corner of her petticoat touching the pews on the right, the other those on the left. . . . But be it where it will, what a figure does a creature make with two cumbrous unwieldy baskets or hampers rising orbicularly from either side, then spreading to an exorbitant size as they descend, swagging from side to side, one up and t'other down, like a pair of scales, pretty near, but not quite at an equilibrium! I say, what a figure does such a creature make!'

'Thus in general: now for the particulars. Suppose the fine lady coming into a room, the graceful manner of doing which was formerly reckoned no small part of female education and good-breeding. First enters wriggling, and sideling, and edging in by degrees, two yards and a half of hoop; for as yet you see nothing else. Some time after appears the inhabitant of the garment herself, not with a full face, but in profile; the face being turned to or from the company, according as they happen to be situated. Next, in due time, again follows two yards and a-half of hoop more. And now her whole person, with all its appurtenances, is actually

arrived, fully and completely, in the room, where we are in the next place to consider her.

'She sits down: if it be upon a couch or squab, though the couch or squab be five yards long, her hoop takes up every inch of it from one end to the other. If upon a chair, it is the same thing in effect; only the hoop is suspended in the air, without anything else to rest upon. But now enter two, or three, or four more, with hoopage of equal dimensions. Upon their sitting down, too, *insequitur stridorque, strepitusque*. The ladies need not check at the Latin; they shall have it in English: the ruffling and crush of silk and silver, and the crash and cracking of whalebone, immediately ensue. The hoops and petticoats, when contracted and huddled up into a heap, make, if possible, a more awkward and ungainly show than when they were free and unconfined. They rise, and sink into such hideous wrinkles, into such mountains and valleys, into such a variety of uncouth, irregular shapes, as exceed all the descriptions of painting or poetry. For myself, I will not pretend to enter into the detail of them; but appeal to the eyes and judgment of all who see them. It is nevertheless to be observed, that whoever, of any three, happens to sit in the middle, has her hoop on each side tossed up at least a foot higher than before, in which attitude she looks like a higgler-woman that sells apples or cabbages sitting on horseback between two panniers; only the higgler's panniers are well enough shaped, these the ugliest that can possibly be contrived or imagined. Such is the exquisite taste and fancy of the fair sex in this refined age, so famed for elegance and politeness.

'Consider next two, or three, or four of them crammed into a coach. If I guess right at what they endure, I would almost as soon ride the wooden horse, be tied neck and heels, sit in the stocks, or stand in the pillory, as suffer what they suffer, by being so cramped, squeezed, bruised, and crushed, only to gratify this unnatural piece of foppery; for which, too, everybody laughs at them. But be that as it may, though they are the best judges of their own feeling, we, I am sure, can best judge of what we see. And what do we see here? Why, a woman's petticoats half within doors and half without, such a quantity of stuffage turned out into the street at each window, it being impossible for the coach to contain all. And was ever sight more odious and ridiculous? Thus for the coach or chariot. As to the chair, though it can receive but one at a time, yet in that both the confinement and uneasiness, and the amazingly absurd figure, are as bad, if not worse, than in the other. The hoop is hoisted to the very roof of the chair, whether the glasses are up or down; you see nothing on each side but petticoat inverted; the woman is totally hidden. And in front you see but little of the face; the two wings of the hoop covering all but the nose, and a small part of the forehead.

'But now for public assemblies. Is there any equity, that one woman should take up as much room as two or three men? At the playhouses, indeed, at ridottos, oratorios, &c. it is no great matter how much both sexes are incommoded; the more, perhaps, the better. But ought it to be so at church too? We (whatever they may do) come thither to serve God, but are hindered from performing our duty as we should, and as we desire, by the crowd and embarrassment of these ungodly hoops. We can neither kneel, sit, nor stand with any tolerable convenience, for a parcel of worthless flirts, the most considerable of whom, perhaps, exceeds not the quality of a tailor's daughter. One with the stiff ribs of her petticoat dashes against me, and almost breaks my shins; two or three more attack me in the rear, banging my hams and the calves of my legs. A man of more devotion than I pretend to, may be somewhat disturbed in it while he is thus buffeted; and that by those who, in all appearance, have no devotion, but come to church for one only purpose, to show their hoops and themselves.

'But besides their being thus grievous to those within the pews, how many do they keep out of them? Sup-

pose all, both men and women, as willing to come to church as they ought to be, many cannot come, unless they will stand in the aisles, being excluded from the pews by these heathenish hoops. I call them heathenish, not that they were ever worn in any heathenish nation, but because they tend to heathenism by the mischief they do to Christianity. For my part, I wonder how the wearers of them have the confidence to look us, or even one another, in the face. But modesty, which used to be the most amiable and most distinguishing character of that sex, seems now to be as much out of fashion as the hoop is in fashion. To ask a question in passing: Did you never see a hoop hedged in by other hoops, thrown up into the air half a yard above the wearer's head, and that at church too? I am sure I have, and so, I suppose, have others. How decent is this, especially in the house of God, and in the time of divine service! Having thus said something to all the particulars, I now resume the hoop in general. It certainly takes up much less time, and pains, and expense to hoop a cask completely, than to hoop a woman. And since I have made this comparison, which, I hope, is natural enough, I would by all means have the tall and big females called hogheads, the middle-sized barrels, and the dwarfish kilderkins. Of which last sort, by the way, there are not a few who would be pretty, were it not for their hoopage; but as they, too, must needs be surrounded with that fashionable incumbrance, they strut and waddle, like a crow in a gutter, to the great diversion of the ill-natured, and no less concern of the compassionate spectators.

'The tall, in this habit, are the most tolerable; yet some even of them you shall see, who, having little round faces, being short to the waist, long downwards, and wearing a wide-extended hoop, look like a pair of kitchen-tongs set a-straddle, and provoke laughter to a high degree.

'To say the truth (I am aware it is an unmannerly truth, but I cannot help that; let those bear the blame who make it necessary to be spoken), in this debauched profligate age, with regard to luxury, dissoluteness, extravagance, ruinous gaming, irreligion, immoderate love of pleasure, diversions, and recreations, the men are very bad, and perhaps the women worse. What excess of riot do these she rakes run into at their masquerades, ridottos, oratorios, Vauxhall, Ranelagh gardens; and at races, balls, assemblies, in almost every large town, sitting up all night, acknowledging that it is grievous, fatiguing, and destructive of their health, yet still indulging themselves in these scandalous practices! And all this at a time when the hand of God lies heavy upon us, when his judgments are visibly poured out upon the nation; when abroad we are involved in a most deplorable, expensive, bloody, and everywhere unsuccessful war; at home harassed to death with insupportable taxes, the decay of trade, the empty houses in the city, and the untenanted farms in the country, being evident proofs that the whole kingdom, in a manner, is beggared and undone.

'What then? Ought the hoop to be wholly discarded? I heartily wish it were, for it is bad enough at best. However, my invective has all along been levelled not against any, but against so much hoop; against the insufferable bulk of it, as the fashion now is, and has been for about these two years. Some few ladies even now (I speak it to their honour) carry a circumference of a moderate compass; let the rest of the hoops at present be conformed to these, and who knows but in time we may get rid of them all?

So much for this extravagance of our great-grandmothers. Of course the preaching must have been in vain, as such preachings ever are. The following of fashions is a moral phenomenon, which has not yet been thought worthy of notice by the philosopher. In reality, it is an extremely curious illustration of the power of one of our sentiments—love of approbation. No style of form so extravagant, no material so absurdly expensive, but it will be adopted by the multitude, if supposed to

be what everybody wears. The individual is helpless, however sensible of the folly. And the strange consideration is, that everybody may be disgusted with the mode, and yet it will keep its ground, just as a tyrant who has not one friend, may continue to rule through the terror exercised over individuals. Let those who think public opinion never wrong, ponder on this curious fact.

NAMES OF PLACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE number of counties, townships, &c. in the United States, bearing the same names as the counties of England, are—we had almost said—innumerable. Of Cumberland, for example, there are six counties and eight townships; of York, four of the former and nineteen of the latter; while there are three Chester counties, and twenty-five Chester townships. Indeed the only English counties whose names have not been adopted some six or eight times, are Shropshire, Wiltshire, and Devon; but, as if to make up for the omission, the name of Shrewsbury, the capital of Shropshire, is used five times; that of Salisbury, the capital of Wiltshire, eleven times; and that of Exeter, the capital of Devon, eight times.

A flourishing manufacturing village, named Manchester, is rising up at the falls of Amoskeag, in the state of New Hampshire; in a township of the same name in Vermont, white marble is found in inexhaustible quantities, which would be a treasure indeed to the Manchester on this side the Atlantic; in another township of the same name in Massachusetts, the inhabitants, 1355 in number, are extensively engaged in the fisheries; while another Manchester, in Connecticut, possesses a capital of 220,000 dollars invested in manufactures. There are nineteen other Manchesters scattered among the various states. There is a township in Maine named Leeds, which contains a population of 1736, twelve schools with 604 scholars, and a capital of nearly 7000 dollars invested in manufactures; and there is a small village of the same name in the state of New York. Besides these, there are three Leedsvilles, and one North Leeds. In the state of Ohio there is a 'growing village,' which contains 'one flouring-mill, one saw-mill, one forge, several stores, and various mechanics' shops.' This village is named Birmingham. There is another of the same name in Michigan, which contains four stores, a flouring-mill, and a furnace, and is reputed to be flourishing. There are other four Birmingham in the states. There is a county named Preston in Virginia, with a population of 6866; a township of the same name in Connecticut; another in New York; and other four variously distributed. Of Sheffield there are seven, whose aggregate capital, invested in manufactures, is 35,200 dollars; and it is stated of one of them, that it is the oldest township in the county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, containing five distilleries, three tan-works, two fulling, one grist, and eight saw-mills. The population is 2322. Halifax seems to be a favourite name, for two counties and seven townships, &c. bear it; while Bradford is equally popular in one county and eight townships, &c. There are several townships in New York and Pennsylvania named Stockport; and if the phrase, 'sending to Coventry,' is ever adopted in the states, it will be necessary to tell to which of the seven places known by that name the offender is to be despatched. The names of the minor manufacturing towns of England, such as Huddersfield, Rochdale, Bury, &c. have not yet come into use. The English town of Liverpool is the great town of export for salt; and in the township of Liverpool, in the state of New York, there were produced from saline springs, in 1840, upwards of 800,000 bushels of this commodity. There are two Liverpools in the state of Ohio, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Indiana. There is a large maritime county named Bristol, with a population of 60,000, in the state of Massachusetts, which possesses a capital in manufac-

tures of upwards of four millions of dollars, and which excels the Bristol on this side of the water so far as the number of newspapers is concerned, for it has two daily and eight weekly papers! There is another Bristol in the state of Maine, with a population of about 3000, which is said to have 'good harbours, and considerable shipping engaged chiefly in the coasting trade and the fisheries.' In it a settlement was commenced as early as 1625. In Rhode Island there is a flourishing town named Bristol, which has now a population of 3500, and possesses a weekly newspaper; and it is reported that on its site 'the celebrated King Philip, chief of the Pequods, and the terror of the early colonists, held his court.' There is also a Bristol in Connecticut, in which clocks and buttons are extensively manufactured; another in New Hampshire, which was first settled in 1770; and, in addition to all these, there are eleven other places of the same name in the United States. It is curious to find so many Bristols, most of them with large populations, and in a flourishing condition, in the eastern part of the states near the sea-coast. It is, however, sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that at the time America was discovered, Bristol was perhaps the greatest port in the west of England; and in the charter given by James I. to the colonists in 1606, it was agreed that the adventurers from Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth, should settle in the lands lying between the 38th and 45th degrees of north latitude. Within these parallels we find all the eastern Bristols situated. In those days Liverpool was scarcely known except as an insignificant port at the mouth of the Mersey, and the Bristol settlers would have very little idea that the field of commerce which they were opening up would be the means of causing this fishing village of Lancashire to become a formidable and successful rival of their own native city.

Among the eastern states, the name of Plymouth very frequently occurs. The Plymouth in Massachusetts, where, in 1620, the 'pilgrim fathers' landed, contains a population of 5281; it has two weekly newspapers, two academies with 123 students, and forty-one schools with 1378 scholars. In the same state there is a county named Plymouth, with a population of 47,373, and a capital invested in manufactures of 1,657,265 dollars. The same name is given to a township in Pennsylvania, which is inhabited chiefly by Friends. The name given by the pilgrim fathers to the spot on which they first landed has travelled to the far west, and is found in the states of Missouri, Indiana, and Illinois. The Southamptons are ten in number, and, consistently enough, one of them is situated in the county of Hampshire. The fashionable English Brighton has given its name to a township distinguished as being the most extensive cattle market in the county of Middlesex, state of Massachusetts. The only Brighton which would appear to be worthy of its name, is a beautiful flourishing place situated on the west side of the Big Beaver river, in the state of Pennsylvania. On the east bank of the same river is New Brighton, and the two places are connected by a bridge 500 feet long. The other Brightons are eight in number. Hastings, the seaport in England, proved, in the year 1066, a convenient landing-place for William the Conqueror; and a Hastings situated on the east side of the Hudson, in New York, is reported to 'possess a convenient landing.' In the state of Delaware there is a Kent county, whose capital is Dover; and scattered among the states are twenty-one other Dovers. Not one of these places, however, is situated opposite to a Calais; but there is a Calais in the state of Maine, opposite to the British town of St Andrews in New Brunswick. The description of Yarmouth in Massachusetts—that it has a number of vessels employed in the fisheries and the coasting-trade—would apply equally to the Yarmouth on the German Ocean. Hull, a township in Massachusetts, incorporated in 1644, has a beach four miles long, but a population only of 231. The names of seaports on the east coast of England, north from Hull, have also been adopted, for we find three Sunderlands, two Stocktons,

and two Scarboroughs. In England there are two Newcastles, and it is thought necessary to distinguish them by the names of 'upon Tyne' in the one case, and 'under Lyne' in the other; but no distinguishing mark is attached to the twelve Newcastles of the United States. There is a Bath on the east side of the Hudson river, which contains a sulphur spring of some celebrity; and another Bath in Virginia, which contains a medicinal spring with a temperature of 96°, reputed to be 'useful in rheumatic and other complaints.' Of a third Bath, in Georgia, which contains about fifteen houses, it is stated that 'the situation is elevated and healthy, and it is resorted to in the sickly season.' The other twelve Baths that exist do not seem to possess anything like the characteristics of the English Bath. One Bath county, in Kentucky, contains a population of 9763, of whom 1951 are slaves; and another, in Virginia, contains a population of 4300, 347 of whom are slaves. There is one Cheltenham and one Buxton; but neither a Matlock nor a Harrogate. Cambridge in Massachusetts possesses a university, founded in 1638. This university is named Harvard, and has a president and twenty-seven professors, 246 classical students, and upwards of 50,000 volumes in its libraries. Oxford in Ohio possesses a university named Miami, which has a president and five professors, 139 students, and 4352 volumes in its libraries. The land with which it is endowed yields a yearly income of 4500 dollars.

We might go on multiplying instances of the use of the names of English towns in the states, but the above will serve to give an idea of the extent to which the practice is carried. If the facilities for communication between one place and another go on increasing as much in future as they have done in past years, it will become necessary to exercise the utmost precision in speaking or writing of any town. Blunders enough have already arisen from the confusion of such names of persons as Smith, Thomson, Jones; and it would appear as if the United States were about to enter on the experience of similar blunders, but of a more serious kind, regarding the names of their places. Story-tellers on this side of the water have hitherto found such names as Smith very convenient as disguises for the real names of their heroes, but the names of places they have often been forced to conceal under an initial letter, or to disguise altogether under a fictitious one. The American story-tellers need never have recourse to such a shift.

The 'far west' is a term which has been very often used with a very general meaning. No specific place was indicated by the name, and in the course of years it was found that the 'far west,' like the poor Indians, was moving every day farther west. Its 'local habitation' has now, however, been fixed to be in the state of Missouri, 1072 miles from the city of Washington. There the post village of Far West, with a population of 500 souls, is to be found. One Far West is, however, insufficient for the Americans, as another is found in the state of Indiana, about 500 miles nearer to Washington. Other points of the compass have been fixed in a similar manner. East and West townships are found in the state of Ohio; and in the state of Pennsylvania, where it would be least expected, is found another township named West. The same state has a township named North East; New York another; and Maryland contains a village of the same name. In eleven of the states we find that each contains a Bridgewater; in one state there is a North Bridgewater; in another a North-west Bridgewater; in a third a West Bridgewater; and in a fourth an East Bridgewater. The places to whose names the prefix *New* is attached, occupy forty of the 750 pages of Sherman and Smith's Gazetteer. Many of the American names seem to have become old already, for we find New Echota, New Hekensack, New Ohio, New Philadelphia, New Columbia, &c. &c.; while there are six Old Towns, one Old Jefferson, and two Old Hickories.

The names of abstract virtues are found in great

abundance, and if the character of the inhabitants corresponds to the names of their towns, they must have reached a point in social bliss which would leave little more to be desired. Concord is applied to twenty-seven places; Harmony to thirteen; Amity to six; Unity to eight; and Friendship to half a dozen. Of New Concords there are three, and of New Harmonies two. There are four Fair-Plays, and one Fair-Dealing; one Philanthropy; and a settlement named Economy, consisting of Germans from Swabia, on the banks of the river Ohio. There is a Home in India, and another in Pennsylvania; but Sweet Homes are to be found only in North Carolina and Arkansas. As if to make up for this scarcity, there is a Paradise in Illinois, and two in Pennsylvania; while, at the same time, the Promised Land is in Maryland; and the visionary may find an Eldorado far west in Missouri. Success is found both in New Hampshire and New York; but there is only one Patriot in Indiana, and one in Ohio. Of Unions there are eighty-six, besides a number of Union-towns and Union-villes.

Honour has likewise been paid to Napoleon and some of his generals. There are five Napoleons and one Bonaparte. The name of his great rival Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, has been given to one township in New York and to two in Missouri. The name of Bernadotte is found in Illinois; while there is a township in New York named Massena. Nor have the famous victories of France's great emperor been forgotten; for there are two Arcolas, nine Lodis, four Marengos, and one Jena; and, to commemorate his final overthrow, there are a dozen Waterloos. The famous French republican tune of *Ca Ira* has given its name to a village in Virginia; and the name of the republican general Lafayette is applied to three counties and fifteen townships. The great objects for which men have in all ages struggled, and to gain which states have been both raised and overthrown, have supplied their names very freely to places in the United States. The appellation of Liberty has, with a strange inconsistency, been given to a county in Georgia which contains a population of 7241, of which 5561 are slaves. In addition to this Liberty, there are other forty-seven in the various states. Freedom is the name of a borough situated on the east bank of the Ohio; and other twelve Freedoms exist in the states. Equality exists in North and South Carolina, Illinois, and Missouri; and thirteen states contain Independence. Arkansas has a county named Independence, of whose population 514 are slaves!

For the names of their presidents the Americans appear to entertain much respect, for we find them broad-cast among the states in the most piteous manner. The capital city is named after Washington. There are only two or three of the states that have not counties bearing his name; and the townships, &c. named Washington are 105 in number, of which thirty-six are found in the state of Ohio alone! The name of Adams, who succeeded Washington as president, is applied to five counties and sixteen townships, &c. besides which there are nine Adamavilles. Jefferson, who was third president, has his name given to sixteen counties and fifty-two townships, &c. His successor was Monroe, whose name is used for fifteen counties and forty-eight townships, &c. There are fourteen counties and thirty-five townships, &c. named Madison; while the name of Jackson has been given to thirteen counties and eighty-one townships, &c. Among the western states there are five counties named Van Buren, and ten townships and six villages bear the same name. Harrisons and Tylers are also very common; while the states of Tennessee and Missouri possess each a county named Polk.

Other names are found quite peculiar to the United States. There is a Sunset in Georgia; and on the north bank of the Ohio there is a Rising Sun. A Morning Sun rises in Tennessee, and another in Ohio; while the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio possess each a Moon. The United States have three Dead, three

Mad, seven Little, one Big, one Muddy, four Deep, four New, three Vermillion, three Red, one Green, and seven Black rivers; besides a river Styx in Ohio, a Dismal Swamp, thirty miles long and ten wide, in Virginia and North Carolina; and to bring this strange summary to a conclusion, an Ultima Thule situated on a branch of Little River, in the state of Arkansas.

SLAVERY.

On the 19th of August 1836, says Darwin in his journal of a voyage round the world, we finally left the shores of Brazil. I thank God I shall never again visit a slave country. To this day, if I hear a distant scream, it recalls with painful vividness my feelings when, passing a house near Pernambuco, I heard the most pitiable moans, and could not but suspect that some poor slave was being tortured, yet knew that I was as powerless as a child even to remonstrate. I suspected that these moans were from a tortured slave, for I was told that this was the case in another instance. Near Rio de Janeiro I lived opposite to an old lady, who kept screws to crush the fingers of her female slaves. I have stayed in a house where a young household mulatto daily and hourly was reviled, beaten, and persecuted enough to break the spirit of the lowest animal. I have seen a little boy, six or seven years old, struck thrice with a horse-whip (before I could interfere) on the head; I saw his father tremble at a mere glance from his master's eye. These latter cruelties were witnessed by me in a Spanish colony, in which it has always been said that slaves are better treated than by the Portuguese, English, or other European nations. I have seen at Rio de Janeiro a powerful negro afraid to ward off a blow directed, as he thought, at his face. I was present when a kind-hearted man was on the point of separating for ever the men, women, and little children of a large number of families who had long lived together. I will not even allude to the many heart-sickening atrocities which I authentically heard of; nor would I have mentioned the above revolting details, had I not met with several people, so blinded by the constitutional gaiety of the negro, as to speak of slavery as a tolerable evil. Such people have generally visited at the houses of the upper classes where the domestic slaves are commonly well treated; and they have not, like myself, lived amongst the lower classes. Such inquirers will ask slaves about their condition; they forget that the slave must indeed be dull who does not calculate on the chance of his answer reaching his master's ears. It is argued that self-interest will prevent excessive cruelty; as if self-interest protected our domestic animals, which are far less likely than degraded slaves to stir up the rage of their savage masters. It is an argument long since protested against with noble feeling, and strikingly exemplified by the ever illustrious Humboldt. It is often attempted to palliate slavery by comparing the state of slaves with our poorer countrymen: if the misery of our poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin; but how this bears on slavery I cannot see. As well might the use of the thumb-screw be defended in one land, by showing that men in another land suffered from some dreadful disease. Those who look tenderly at the slave owner, and with a cold heart at the slave, never seem to put themselves into the position of the latter—what a cheerless prospect, with not even a hope of change! Picture to yourself the chance, ever hanging over you, of your wife and your little children—those objects which nature urges even the slave to call his own—being torn from you, and being sold like beasts to the highest bidder! And these deeds are done and palliated by men who profess to love their neighbours as themselves, who believe in God, and pray that his will be done on earth! It makes one's blood boil, yet tremble, to think that we Englishmen and our American descendants, with their boastful cry of liberty, have been and are so guilty; but it is a consolation to reflect that we at least have made a greater sacrifice than was ever made by any nation to expiate our sin.

PETER BELL.

We observe from the newspapers that the great 'Peter Bell' in York Minster is now safely suspended in its own tower. The weight of the bell and its appendages, together with the frame, is calculated to be 29 tons; but the strength of the tower is equal to triple that weight. The bell is the largest in the kingdom, being 5 tons heavier than 'Old

Tom' of Oxford, and 7 tons heavier than the celebrated 'Tom' of Lincoln. The cost of it is above £2000; its height 7 feet 4 inches, and its diameter 8 feet 4 inches. It is placed (at a height of nearly 200 feet) diagonally in the tower, for the greater security to the building, and above 300 cubic feet of timber have been used for its support. It may be rung with two wheels, and will revolve entirely, if necessary.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

ADDRESSED TO THE INFANTS LEFT BY MADAME LEONTINE GENOUDE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.]

Poor sable-clad children, who ceaseless, forlorn,
Ask your sire, saying, 'What is this death that you weep?
And why from our couch do we waken each morn
Uncared, and how long lasts this sad gloomy sleep?'

Hush little ones! Only in dreams you will feel
The kiss on your brow, fingers twined in your hair,
The nest on her knees where your head loved to steal,
The heart pressed to yours—the eyes meeting yours there.

Love will wean you from grief: now, 'tis bitter for you;
Your milk is dried up; like the lamb that is torn
From its dam by the shepherd, and cast forth all now,
To teach it to browse on the herb and the thorn.

You will have but a memory—a vague distant dream,
Of what is the sweetest in life's early years;
A mother's fond love but a history will seem,
By a sad lonely father told, mingled with tears.

And when in your souls you would bring back to light
Those memories under the cold marble sealed,
Those sweet whispered words, and that smile fond and bright,
When the mother's heart-love to the child is revealed,

And when, in your day-dreams, tears, causeless, unbidden,
Burst forth, and your souls up to Heaven arise,
When you see the young babe in its mother's breast hidden,
Or the desolate father absorbed in his sighs—

Come, come to this grave, where the green turf upswells,
Sit down at the feet of your mother, and pray;
Look up, full of hope, to the heaven where she dwells,
Imploping her smile like a light on your way.

From that blest home eternal, her soul evermore,
Like an unsetting star, o'er her babes loves to rest;
So the eagle, when soaring to heaven's high floor,
Still watchful looks down on her own beloved nest.

D. M. M.

AN AWKWARD CLERICAL ERROR.

Soon after Dr Trench's consecration, he accompanied his father one Sunday to the Magdalen Asylum, in Leeson Street, Dublin; where his person being unknown, but his dress indicating his ministerial character, the sexton approached him respectfully, and requested that he would, in compliance with the general rule observed there when any strange clergyman was present, give his assistance to the chaplain. He instantly complied with the request; read the service of the day; and, after the sermon was concluded, he was told by the unceremonious chaplain that his duties were not yet over, and that he expected him to administer the Lord's Supper to the congregation. 'In fact,' said his grace, in repeating the anecdote, 'the humblest curate in Dublin could not have more of the burden of the day laid upon him. However, I did everything he desired; and, after service, followed him into the vestry and disrobed, whilst he scarcely condescended to notice me. When I made my bow to depart, he said, "Sir, I am greatly obliged; may I ask to whom I am indebted?" "The Bishop of Waterford," said I; and I shall never forget the poor man's countenance. He seemed thunderstruck; and I was glad to escape from the apologies he was forcing upon me.'—*Sirr's Memoir of Archbishop Trench.*

LITERARY OVERSIGHTS.

Sablathier, a compiler of the last century, published a work entitled 'Manners, Customs, and Usages of the Ancients,' in which he forgot to say one word about the Romans!—*Curiosities Bibliographiques.* Paris. 1845.

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